

# The Shiner Gazette.

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SHINER, - - - - TEXAS

## ALL OVER TEXAS.

Friday afternoon the little daughter of W. J. Shelton accidentally fell beneath a moving train, having both legs cut off.

Roberto Diaz, 12 years old, was caught between cars and almost instantly killed at the Olmos Coal mines near Eagle Pass.

The Citizens' Bank, of Jantlin, which has been doing business in the Rudd & Collins drug store for six months has broken dirt for a new brick building, which will be completed by April 15.

The injuries of Roland Jarrett, the young man who was accidentally shot while hunting near his home on Anderson Ranch, Ellis County, some days ago, proved fatal.

Messrs. Duke, Teal & Ayres of Dallas, who have racket stores in a dozen towns and cities, have bought the Arcade from Mrs. Lowenstein of Waco. Taking charge at once.

The Corsicana Cotton Mills management announce that they have in co-operation for the storage of cotton and also propose to expend about \$30,000 for equipment for the increasing of the capacity of the mill.

Dan A. Kivlin has been north some time arranging to form a circuit of Texas for high-class vaudeville. The circuit will embrace Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio and probably other towns.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded to Tom Lovell of Denton, Texas, the contract for the construction of the United States postoffice and court house building at Ogden, Utah, at \$158,725.

Jeff Palmer, a negro, was given three years in the penitentiary on a charge of assault with intent to murder. The assault was committed on Savas Kydas, a merchant of Mexico, some time ago.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Bonham has received the large pipe organ purchased several months ago. It will be placed in the church building at once. This instrument cost about \$1,800.

The governor has appointed L. L. Kinder of Hale county, judge of the new sixty-fourth judicial district court in the Panhandle. D. C. Glasgow was named as district attorney. The senate confirmed the appointments.

Col. C. A. Keating, for thirty years a leading figure in the implement business in Dallas, has retired from the Keating Implement and Machinery Company, and will devote his time to his private business.

All the guards but three around the quarantined portion of Quaker, the negro settlement in Denton, have been discharged, and all the cases of the disease have been discharged except one. There was a total of seven cases.

Three additional work trains were put on the Dallas division of the Katy Friday and two more will be put on in a few days. Superintendent Sullivan states that the work of ballasting will be rushed as rapidly as possible.

Noah Alex, a well known old negro, died at Tellico, east of Ennis, aged 100 years. He came here from Louisiana in the days of slavery and it is thought he belonged to the Pannill family, who lived at Chatfield.

In the district court, at Greenville, in the suit of A. A. Hawks vs. the Santa Fe Railroad for damages for the death of his wife alleged to have been caused by waiting for a train at Celente, in a cold depot, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant road.

Two men, Charles Harris and John Winston, are said to have engaged in a fight near Lorens, when the latter was dangerously stabbed in the left side, the blade penetrating the left lung.

Ben Van Hoeser, an engineer struck his head out of the cab of his engine and struck a post he was passing, inflicting injuries, which he claims are permanently disabling, and a jury at Waco has awarded him judgment for \$10,000.

The Racine-Saltatory Manufacturing Company of Racine, Wis., and Springfield, Ill., have recently opened up a Southwestern branch house at Dallas. The firm has leased half of the Rock Island Plow Company's building.

## JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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### CHAPTER NINE—Continued.

Two warm arms were clasped around his neck, a face wet with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder, and she kissed him twice, with the live kisses that come from the heart of a woman whose affection has passed the mysterious border that separates friendship from love.

"Good-bye, John; God bless you and guard you!"

"Good-bye, Jessie; good-bye!"

He watched her as she faded away from him and disappeared beyond the vines which shaded the veranda.

Under the arched maples where he had walked with Jessie so many times, and down the sandy road where they had loitered in summer days now gone forever, John Burt urged the horse along. It was two miles to Peter Burt's, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the gate. John rode forward and recognized his grandfather.

"You did well to come home, my boy," said the old man, whose deep, calm voice held an anxious note. "Something has happened, and my soul has been calling you since dusk. Ride to the graveyard and I'll follow you. It isn't safe to talk here."

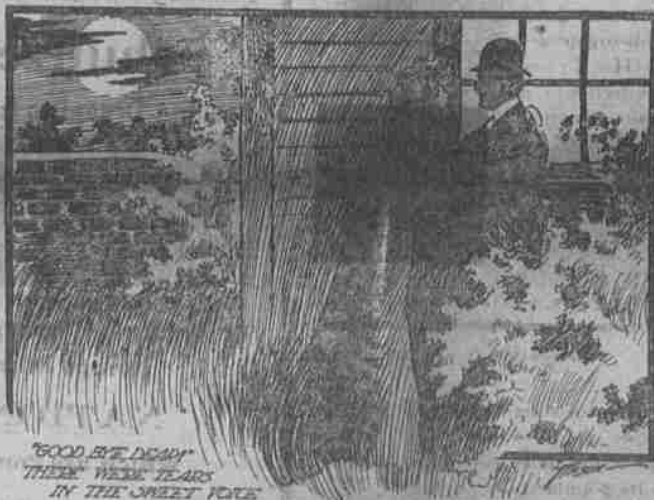
In the far corner of the old graveyard John Burt hitched his horse and turned to meet his grandfather. The old man seated himself on the grave of the pioneer Burt who, two hundred years before, had dared the dangers of the wilderness.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents of the tragedy.

The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minutes after John had ended.

"He deserved to die, and it was written that he should perish by violence; but his blood is not on your head," began the old man calmly.



"Murder, in the night of God, is in the heart—not in the hand. I—I am—"

Peter Burt's voice broke, and a shudder swept over him; but he controlled himself, and continued:

"My boy, will you take your grandfather's advice?"

"I will, grandfather—I will!" replied John firmly.

"It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again,'" said Peter Burt, laying his hand on John's shoulder. "God has willed that you shall be His instrument in great undertakings, and it is decreed that the events of to-day shall not be a stumbling-block to your feet. You are now to go out into the world, and though you may know it not, God will guide your footsteps. It were folly to imagine that this unprovoked quarrel points to your undoing. It is the sign that you are at once to depart from fields you have outgrown, to take up your work in that broader sphere which is waiting you. Something has whispered to me that you should go to California. To-day's event is the sign that you go now. You will start to-night, my boy, and God will be with you. Hush! I hear the hoofs of horses!"

The old man jumped to his feet. "Officers are coming!" he said in a low voice. "I will meet them. Remain here till I return. Hold that horse by the nose lest he whinny."

As John sprang to the horse's head, the old man vanished in the darkness.

Peter Burt entered the rear door of his house and was in his room when the tramp of steps was heard, followed by loud knocking. The old man waited awhile, as if dressing. He then lighted a lamp and stood in the hallway. The pounding had been repeated at intervals, and gruff voices were heard in impatient conversation. "Who's there?" demanded the old man.

"We are officers of the law, Mr. Burt," a voice declared. "We are after John Burt, your grandson, who has killed a man."

"Have you a warrant for his arrest, or a search warrant?" demanded the old man. "Show me one at the window and I will open the door. If you have none, begone, and let me rest in peace."

A conference followed, and a gruff voice rose in anger.

"Let no in, old man," it thundered. "Warrant or no warrant, let us in, or by God we'll pound your door down and take you along with your murderer's grandson!"

"Open my door at your peril!" said Peter Burt sternly. "Show me your authority, and you can enter my house. This house is my castle, and no man has ever entered it without my consent."

Growling threats, the men retired. In a minute they returned, armed with a log. Used as a battering ram, it was hurled against the heavy oak door. For a time the stout frame resisted, but with a crash the jamb gave way and the door flew open. With an oath and a call to his companion, the larger of the two rushed in.

As the man crossed the threshold the patriarch's left arm flew out, and the corded fingers gripped the reckless intruder by the throat. The second man hit the old farmer a glancing blow with the butt end of a revolver. With a catlike movement, Peter Burt wrenched his opponent's forearm. With a cry of pain the man dropped the weapon to the floor. Before he could guard himself Peter Burt dealt him a hard blow on the face, and gripped him by the neck as he reeled against the wall.

Holding the two men at arm's length, Peter cracked their heads together, and then dragged them into

the room, where the lamplight fell on their faces. The protruding tongue and the blood-smeared face of the one who had led the charge caused Peter Burt to relax his hold, and the man fell limp to the floor. A glance showed that his companion was senseless, and the old man stretched him out on the carpet.

Peter Burt produced a coil of rope from a closet, and with the dexterity of a sailor bound the senseless men. He then proceeded to revive them. "I have not gagged you," said Peter Burt, as he stood over them, "for the reason that your cries would bring you no assistance. As soon as convenient, I will give you more comfortable quarters. Now that you are here, you may spend the night with me."

Seating himself at a desk, Peter Burt wrote two letters, and sealed them. He then opened a large, iron-bound chest, and for half an hour was busy with its contents. When his work was ended, he glanced the room without so much as a glance at the silent figures on the floor. John met him at the gateway.

"Here are your instructions, John," he said. "Go to your room and select such trifles as you can carry in your saddle-bags. You must make Plymouth before daybreak. This letter is addressed to a man in Plymouth. Here is a ring. Show him this ring with the letter. Stay in his house all day, and start for New Bedford about ten o'clock to-morrow night. You must arrive in New Bedford before daybreak, and go to the address on this letter. When you find it show Captain Horton the letter and the ring. He will put you on board the Segregansett, which sails for the South Pacific in three days from now. This third package you will not examine until well at sea. Here is money. Enter the house and make no unnecessary noise. I will saddle your horse and wait at the barn."

"Who's there?" demanded the old man.

"The sky was aflame with lightning

as John stood once more by the old man's side. The rumble of thunder told of the near approach of the tempest.

"John," said Peter Burt as he grasped the boy's hand in his, "I feel no sorrow save the pain of a temporary parting. I shall see you again, my boy; I shall clasp your hand in the vigor of your manhood, when success has crowned your efforts, and when your happiness is complete. Do not write to me or attempt to communicate with me, or with anyone, until you are rich and strong enough to meet your enemies on equal ground. During these coming years let money be your ambition. You live in an age when money is the god of the material world. Understanding has been granted to you, and when you apply yourself to the struggle the thrill of knowledge will pervade you. You have received a key of this world's affairs, so that I can say to you in the language of Isaiah: 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places.' Rest secure in that promise, have abiding faith in it, and hold no communication with those who love you until my prophecy has come to pass. Do you promise me, my boy?"

"I do, grandfather!" said John, who was deeply affected. "You have been so good—"

"Never mind, my boy; thank God, not me. Good-bye, John—God bless you!"

The first drops of the storm pattered on the dusty roadway as the old man raised his hands and gave John his blessing. Springing into the saddle, the boy caught one last glimpse of Peter Burt in a brilliant flash of lightning which glorified his heroic figure, his white hair shining as a halo above his brow.

It was four o'clock when he halted at a small house on the outskirts of Plymouth. Years before, with Peter Burt, he had visited the old sailor who was spending there his declining years. After repeated knocking, the old man opened the door. John handed him the letter and showed the ring. He read the letter and heartily greeted his guest.

"Enough said, my boy!" he declared, as he burned the letter. "You'll be as safe here as in God's pocket. Make yourself comfortable and I'll stow away your horse."

When the old man returned he prepared a breakfast which John ate with relish, and then his host showed him to a bed which, though hard, seemed the most delightful place he had found in years. The sun was low when John woke. The old sailor did not betray the slightest curiosity concerning John's history, and at ten o'clock his guest bade him farewell with sincere thanks for his hospitality.

The night ride to New Bedford was made without incident. It was three o'clock when John knocked at Captain Horton's door, and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expectin' ye!" he said as he opened the door. "Glad to meet ye, Joe," he said, turning to a sleepy-eyed boy, "take care of this lad's horse."

John secured the contents of the saddle-bags, and an hour later stepped on board the Segregansett. Captain Horton showed him his quarters and advised him to "turn in." He did so, and when he awoke the heaving and groaning of the old whaler told him that she was on the open sea.

Not until the Segregansett had left the Bermudas did John open the package which had been given to him by Peter Burt. It contained a long letter from the old man, describing a spot in the California mountains, of which a dying sailor had told him years before. The poor fellow declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working his way back to Boston, hoping to interest the necessary capital. In Peter Burt's letter was enclosed a rough map which the sailor had sketched when he realized that death stood in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an outer covering of oilskin. John unwrapped it and disclosed a large, old-fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. In this wallet he found a layer of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers tingled as he handled the notes. Ten thousand dollars! Jessie seemed much nearer as John looked at those bits of paper.

The scenes and incidents of that eighteen thousand mile journey around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of this narrative. One bright afternoon the Segregansett sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer Reliance, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Carden treasured the secret of a sensation strangely akin to love-born love. On the walls of her classroom was a large map, and she loved to look at it and wonder what spot of land or sea held John Burt.

(To be continued.)

## TORTURING PAIN.

Half This Man's Sufferings Would Have Killed Many a Person, but Doan's Cured Him.

A. C. Sprague, stock dealer, of Normal, Ill., writes: "For two whole years I was doing nothing but buying medicines to cure my kidneys. I do not think that any man ever suffered as I did and lived. The pain in my back was so bad that I could not sleep at night. I could not ride a horse and sometimes was unable even to ride in a car. My condition was critical when I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and they cured me. Now I can go anywhere and do as much as anybody. I sleep well and feel no discomfort at all."



A TRIAL FREE.—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cts.

## WOMEN SLAVES IN PALESTINE.

Gentle Sex Nothing but Part of the Household Chattels.

In Palestine, the mother of men is the servant of men. Being a part of the household chattels, she is sold for as large a sum as her father can extort from the prospective bridegroom. She is a thing, a piece of goods. The father of a first-born son proudly calls himself after the boy's name, but his girl babe is not reckoned among his children. Her infant shoulders learn to bear the burdens, her little feet patter their way to the fountain even from the moment their tiny strength can support the weight of a jar. Her whole life is one of grinding, baking, fetching water, waiting upon others; at twelve she is sold into married service; growing old in middle life, she may see herself supplanted by a younger wife; often being robbed of her sons by the military conscription; and finally she is put away as the last breath in leaving her body.—Corwin Knapp Linson in the Metropolitan Magazine.

The average life of horses in the British cavalry is five years. The army draft horses last half as long again.

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing districts the same wires last only ten years and even less.

The Lubon (Bagdad) Chamber of Commerce has decided to offer prizes to scholars in the elementary schools for competitive designs in hat trimmings.

When administering medicine, if the bottle is not marked, it is safest to use a glass measure. A tablespoonful is equal to half an ounce; and a teaspoonful to one drachm, or the eighth part of a ounce.

Berlin has ten homes for poor girls where the charge for lodging and light is \$1.50 to \$2.50 a month, and for board and lodging \$15 a month.

## READS THE BOOK.

"The Road to Wellville." Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food agreed with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book 'The Road to Wellville,' and started following the simple directions."

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone."

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast."

"There is one thing in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Formerly I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.